

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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THE FIRST PAPER IN KANSAS TO SECURE the leased wire service of the Associated Press, carrying exclusively for Topeka the Full Day Service of this great organization for the collection of news. A telegraph operator in the State Journal office is employed for the sole purpose of taking this report, which comes continuously from 7:30 a. m. till 4:30 p. m. (with bulletins of important news up to 6 p. m.) over a wire running into this office and used only for the day Associated Press business between the hours above named.

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THE STATE JOURNAL has a regular average daily local circulation in Topeka of more than all other Kansas City Dailies combined, and double that of its principal competitor—a very creditable morning newspaper.

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Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.—Forecast for 24 hours until 8 p. m.: For Kansas—Fair; cooler; southerly winds, becoming northerly.

CHANCELLOR SNOW will soon be telling us the "hottest August in all his twenty-seven years record."

THERE are some men in the statehouse who are as clean, decent and respectable as John W. Breckinridge, but not many. Here and there one.

CAPT. JOE WATERS asks if there is anyone who will take up the cudgel in defense of the practice of pass taking by judges. He is referred to the morning paper.

LOIS WAISBROOKER'S case should be dismissed at once. Her free love paper is positively clean, pure as the driven snow, alongside of the Sunday morning Capital.

THE Populists have killed the goose that laid the golden egg. Kansas put them into power, hoping much from them; but they only got jobs for their wives, sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles.

"THE Rev. J. D. Botkin" who has flopped to the Populists, was called by certain papers last week "Jerry Botkin." This week they are calling him "Old Cranky Botkin." Keep your eye on them next week.

THE people it is said are all ready and willing to follow a new political messiah. Governor Lewelling when he pokes his head into view and says "I am he," is astonished to think that the people don't believe it.

MANY people do not know what the phrase 16 to 1 means. It is used when a careful observer notes that there are 16 chances to 1 that Morrill will have 25,000 majority.—Emporia Gazette.

It also means that Major Morrill is now for free coinage of American silver 16 to 1.

Those who can't agree with David Overmyer's views on the issues of the day, can not help respecting him for refusing railroad passes over the state. He stands in brilliant contrast to Gov. Lewelling, who goes everywhere on a pass. If David Overmyer would only change his mind—get in touch with "the spirit of Kansas," which he can never hope to change, there might be political honors for him yet, in Kansas.

HAMLIN GARLAND is a grand writer, an entertaining speaker and one of the brilliant literary stars of the fin de siècle; he believes that the world is going to take a great step forward in reform; how it must pain and dishearten him to look on Kansas, and feel that the Populist administration here is the only instrument there is to bring about the hoped for change in this state. We were all reformers, more or less, until the Lewelling crowd showed us what they understood by "reform."

We once heard of a wonderfully shrewd state central committee chairman who was so remarkably clever that he never let a newspaper man interview him on any subject; not even crops. Everybody said all through the campaign, "How wise and politic is Chairman Blank; he never allows himself to be interviewed." When the election came on this wonderful political general lost the state by 6,000 plurality. It is the man who knows how to talk to newspaper reporters, and doesn't regard them as his natural enemies who gets through all right.

THERE is a college professor in Topeka; also a noted preacher; also a well known lady author; also one of the leading lawyers at the bar, all Republicans, and all of them quietly in favor of government ownership of public utilities. All four of them were about to give their warm support to the Populists. But they found out by personal contact with the representatives of the party that came up to Topeka to hold office here, and by their subsequent actions, that they were a common, office-grabbing, uncultured set of people, without the faintest conception of the "advanced thought movement," as it is known in Boston and other eastern centers, and they have turned from these bogus reformers with feelings easier to imagine than to describe.

THE POWER OF THE PASS.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The fact is confessed by Labor Commissioner Wright that he holds and uses a Pullman pass, and has been doing so for several years, or ever since he first had official dealings with Mr. Pullman. He rode on it from Washington to Chicago in his capacity as chairman of the commission appointed by President Cleveland to investigate the Pullman strike, and carries it in his pocket while conducting the investigation. It would insult him to suggest that he has taken a bribe. Nobody believes for a moment that he would accept money in any corrupt or questionable way; but the fact remains that the possession of a pass will tend to discredit anything that he may find it his duty to say in favor of the man from whom he received it. He believes himself to be entirely impartial, of course, but it is possible for an honest man to be unconsciously influenced in this way. A railroad pass is a mere courtesy, we are told—Mr. Wright likens it to "a man inviting another to ride in his private carriage"—but it creates a certain sense of obligation, nevertheless, and the passholder can hardly avoid the inclination to reciprocate when a chance is presented. The conscience accommodates itself to such a view with very little strain, and the man does not really know that he is prejudiced, but the corporation gets what it wants from him all the same.

This is what makes the pass business so much of an evil. It affects the actions of honest men who would indignantly spurn an ordinary bribe, and enables interested parties to secure official favors that would otherwise be denied. The corporations having passes to bestow understand this very well, and profit by it to many times the value of what they furnish. They never grant a man a pass out of common kindness and with no expectation of gain. There is always method in their generosity, and they are not apt to give something for nothing in this relation. They distribute their so-called courtesies with a strict view to promoting their own interests. A very large proportion of the friendly legislation that railroad companies obtain is due to the power of the pass in molding the opinions and adjusting the votes of lawmakers who flatter themselves that they are thoroughly incorruptible. The most valuable man whom such a corporation can have in its service is one who knows how to put passes where they will do the most good. It is a notorious fact that all classes of public officials habitually accept and frequently solicit these favors which imply an adequate return on their part. They are mostly innocent of any dishonest motive, but the effect is demoralizing, and the corporations thus derive all the advantages of bribery at a comparatively slight expense and by means which have an appearance of unselfishness and general propriety.

LOUD cry of the old original Populists. "Oh, why did we ever allow the butter and egg man of Wichita to be our standard bearer; why didn't we nominate some of the old, true and tried leaders of reform?"

BLOWHOLES CARNOTE is still junketing about in foreign lands. Perhaps he thinks it isn't safe to come home.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

A peach orchard near Corwin, Harper county, will average five bushels to the tree.

The Pedestrian Whist club of Newton is so called because all of its contests are walk-overs.

The man who has the biggest patch of melons at Attica is called the watermelon king.

Grieser is the name of a tailor at Anthony who ought to be able to give a smooth fit.

The back drivers at Wichita are held responsible for the drouth because they manage the reins.

A Newton man has a real red bat on exhibition. So many people have been on bats that few go to see it.

An Ottawa firm advertises "men's single pants." They are supposed to be for veterans who lost a leg in the war.

Abilene people try to show that they belong to the real conservative, exclusive set in literature by taking the Atlantic.

The elopement of a Hartford young woman with a man of African descent ought to make a romance with lots of local color.

There is an insane woman at Wichita who imagines she has a snake in her head. In Wichita snakes usually appear at the other extremity.

Pefferian Populism, is the way the Emporia Republican designates the condition of those untamed sons of Adam who have eluded the civilizing touch of the razor.

The police commissioners of Fort Scott, have closed the policy shop there, but the crap games are still running, because it would be too much trouble to go around to all of them.

Emporia papers are usually very correct in their grammar, but the following item crept in: "A street car collided with a buggy on Commercial street." It should, of course, have read "the street car."

A Fort Scott bachelor who has been away for some time, returned home unmarried, and the old woman who had been mysteriously intimating that they knew what he went away for, are so mad they won't speak to him.

An Arkansas City reporter who had the proceedings and appointments of the conference of the Methodist church south, which is in session, in his pocket, took a notion to go to the strip, and that is why his paper didn't have a report.

A bicycle road race of ten miles took place yesterday at Arkansas City, in which the contestants were under 16 years of age. Arkansas City believes you should begin early if you want a race of people with big legs and small, hollow heads.

IN THE BERRY PATCH

THOSE WHO PASS ITS BOUNDARIES MUST "DRESS ACCORDIN."

In Some Localities It Is Necessary to Watch Out For Snakes—It Is Not Always the Best Looking Berries Who Gather Most Fruit.

Ever go blackberrying? No? Then you have missed one of the most enlivening experiences of life. Everybody who lived in the village called "The Hook" or anywhere in its neighborhood 20 years ago used to go blackberrying at this season of the year, and the descendants of those who lived there then are probably, many of them, pick-



A PARTY OF BERRY PICKERS.

ing blackberries at this moment—that is, if you are reading in the daytime and on a weekday—from the thorny bushes that grow in the half cleared, uncultivated tracts to be found on the slopes of the hills east and west of the village and in the narrow shallow valleys beyond the brows of those hills and a mile or two away.

"The Hookers," as the inhabitants of that blessed village used to be called, were wont to go to the berry fields in parties, sometimes by families, but often in groups of friends. They always used to "dress accordin'" when their mission was the gathering of blackberries, and any one who was foolish enough to join a berrying party without being properly attired was certain to be laughed out of court, so to speak. The code of dress for a berrying party was quite as rigid as that for a social function at Newport or Narragansett.

Not that it was necessary for the men to wear coats and trousers of any particular cut or for the women and girls to study the latest Paris modes. Bless you, no! A party of berry pickers properly dressed for their work would afford the student of extraordinary human attire an opportunity for interesting and profitable contemplation. First of all, ever one, men and women alike, wore high cowhide boots. Naturally in most cases the women borrowed their boots from their husbands, from their fathers or their brothers. Why did they all wear boots? Snakes, for the berry fields in the vicinity of "The Hook" were rocky, and in the interstices between the rocks rattlesnakes and copperheads and perhaps some other varieties of venomous reptiles had their homes. The snakes were not very numerous, according to a "Hooker's" idea of things, but they were highly disagreeable at close quarters. Still a right watchful berry picker need have no reasonable fear, providing he or she wore high boots.

The rule for the remainder of the berry pickers' costume was exceedingly simple. It was to wear your oldest, most worthless, raggedest garments. Accordingly a group of berry pickers presented about as comely an appearance as would a detachment of Coxey's celebrated commonwealers, then unknown to history. Where some of the men and boys got their outlandish old coats and jackets and to what forgotten era of the evolution of dress the garments of the women belonged it would be hard to tell.

It goes without saying that some of the masculine berry pickers who, when attired in their Sunday go to meetings, looked spruce and manly enough presented a very disappointing appearance when rigged out for "berryin'." On the other hand, there were stalwart young fellows who seemed to need the month garments that were suited to the berry patch to bring out all their good points. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that not often did any of the older men join the berrying parties.

As to the women, they declared themselves that they looked like "perfect frights" as far as dress went. But who ever knew a pair of bright eyes to be



OLD SOLOMON SYKES.

essentially dimmed because they were shaded by a flapping old fashioned gingham sunbonnet, or a lithe, well rounded figure to lose its grace because the feet were laced in boots, the skirts were short and the waist ill fitting? Certainly none of these things happened to "The Hook" beauties when they were dressed out for berrying—that is, if the opinions held by "The Hook" beaux were correct, and they probably were.

Berrying parties from "The Hook" used to leave the village by daybreak, if they could, and get to the brow of the hill in time to see the sun rise, not that

very many "Hookers" cared much about seeing the god of day when he first peeped over the edge of the beautiful rolling landscapes that lay spread out about the little village, though there were a few whose eyes used to light up at sight of the beautiful colors used by Sol used in painting the clouds. But it had grown to be a sort of superstition there that whose going berrying was not enterprising enough to be well on the way to the fields by sunrise was not likely to be rewarded by a good day's picking, and it did not matter one whit to those who held to this idea that occasionally those who reached the field late filled their pails first.

There were several kinds of berry pickers among the "Hookers" of other days. Some there were who picked berries as they performed their regular work, for the sake of getting everything in sight. These individuals were not all of them stalwart among the young men nor star eyed and cherry lippled among the young women. Indeed truth compels me to say that the best berryers were usually the plainest looking ones. They seemed to have a sort of instinctive knowledge of just where the biggest clumps of the most productive bushes were to be found, and their fingers seemed to be so constructed that they could pick berries with at least five times the speed attainable by their companions. It was not at all uncommon, for instance, for ugly old Solomon Sykes, about the only gray headed man who used to go berrying, to fill all the pails and baskets he had brought with him and all he could borrow from lazier, less enthusiastic pickers before noon. Then he would lie around on the rocks in the sun, chewing tobacco and gazing those who had frittered away the early part of the day and whose pails and baskets were only partly filled.

There was another expert at picking berries whose fame had been spread abroad through all the neighboring towns. If the good old soul—she was a good old soul, despite her acrid words and her vinegar visage—was still alive, she is no doubt today filling a 16 quart tin pail while the pretty young girls of the same party are bothered to find enough berries to cover the bottoms of their little baskets. She was Matilda Ann Stoughton, a single woman of 50 when I knew her—"single by the mercy of heaven," she used to say; "a sour old maid," some of her neighbors said.

They changed their opinions of her the year that diphtheria visited the village, and "Tiddy Ann" developed into the kindest, most untiring, most efficient nurse in the entire settlement. After



THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE VILLAGE, that she gradually became to be known as "Aunt Matilda" by everybody in "The Hook," and to be treated by every one, too, with a consideration and a homely courtesy that were almost tender. After that, too, she was herself far less angular in her manners, less bitter in her conversation and less exacting in her judgment of her neighbors.

But I am straying from the subject. The reader should not imagine for a moment that the two of whom I have spoken were the only expert berryers. There were many such, and one of them was the prettiest girl in the village. Whoever would pick berries, too, and pick them fast, and it thus fell out that several of the village beaux became exceedingly nimble fingered. There were those who said that her pail was filled more times than those of the other girls because of the help she had from these young men. This coming to her ears one year she became extremely indignant and insisted on being accompanied only by a number of her female friends, leaving her male admirers disconsolate. Right well did she then exemplify her right to the title of "champion berry picker of The Hook." There was a romance in the berry field that year. I have forgotten the details, but she was its heroine, and two of the village young men figured prominently therein. A berry picking contest between these boys was also a feature, but whether she was the prize won by the victor I have forgotten. I remember clearly that the match was carried on with great formality and in the presence of a number of judges.

While those who went out to pick berries were diligently filling the receptacles with the luscious blue black fruit of the bushes the housewives of the village were enveloped in the cares of preserving and pickling and canning and "doing up" berries generally, and great was the excitement thereof and heavy were the village grocers' sales of sugar. Nor were blackberries the only ones gathered near "The Hook." When I began to write I intended to say something about huckleberries and raspberries and a great variety of other berries; but, see, I have not half finished with blackberrying yet, and the space is all used.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Heat Ten Miles Above Ground. Additional evidence on the subject of the supposed heat from the sun's rays is furnished by an experiment recently reported in France. A balloon with registering instruments was sent up a distance of 10 miles above the earth's surface, where the temperature registered was found to be 104 degrees F.

IVORY SOAP

"IT FLOATS"

IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

A CARD.

DR. J. C. BROWNFIELD,

The Wonder Worker and Nation's Healer.

Has located in TOPEKA, and will give a series of OPEN AIR

CONCERTS and LECTURES,

On his OWN BLOCK, corner of West 8th and West street, for

—2 WEEKS—

Commencing Tuesday, 28th. Concerts consist of Brass Band, Orchestral Music, Vocal Music, Quartettes, Songs, Irish, Dutch and Negro Delineations, Camp-meeting Melodies, Farces, Burlesques, &c.

The Doctor carries a company of 20 people, all artists and all gentlemen.

GOOD SEATS for all. NO CHARGE FOR SEATS. Especial provision made for the comfort of the ladies and little ones, grandmas and grandpas. Come out, everybody, and I will promise you a good time. Especial invitation extended to PHYSICIANS, MINISTERS and NEWSPAPER MEN.

Place: Corner West 8th and West St.

TIME—TOMORROW NIGHT

AND EVERY NIGHT FOR TWO WEEKS.

YOUR FRIEND FOR HEALTH,

J. C. BROWNFIELD, M.D.,

(THE NATION'S HEALER.)

MALICIOUS AND IDIOTIC

Mr. Huntington Characterizes Superintendent Filmore's Utterances as Such.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 28.—Superintendent Filmore of the Southern Pacific company has modified his attitude towards the strikers engaged in the recent strike. Just after the strike he was quoted as saying that none of the leading strikers should ever obtain work in California if he could help it, and if any secured positions he would try to have them discharged. These threats caused much indignation and President C. P. Huntington wrote a sharp reprimand to him from New York. This letter caused Mr. Filmore to make a supplementary statement in which he denies he said he would hunt down the ex-striker and drive them out of their positions.

"I am not interfering with anybody," explained Mr. Filmore. "The men who destroyed our property, stole our trains and killed our employees are on the blacklist. This list goes to other roads. It is a custom which has been in vogue for years."

"If an ex-striker can get work, you do not propose to interfere then?" Mr. Filmore was asked.

"Certainly not," he replied, "except so far as the blacklist may come against him. There are strikers now scattered all over the state picking fruit or hops."

A second letter has been received from Mr. Huntington, in which he again referred to Mr. Filmore's threats, saying: "I cannot believe any one would say things so malicious and idiotic."

Army Officer Tried For Drunkenness.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Aug. 29.—A general court-martial to convene at Vancouver, Sept. 5, for the trial of Capt. W. H. Goodwin, company G, Fourth regiment infantry, U. S. A., on several accusations of drunkenness while on duty. There are several counts in the charge, among others that while on duty at Spokane, during the late strike on July 22, 23 and 24, Capt. Goodwin was guilty of drunkenness.

Desperate Fight Among Tramps.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 29.—A desperate fight occurred last night among tramps on a Lake Shore & Michigan Southern freight train between here and La Porte, Ind. Three men armed with revolvers attacked the others, throwing one from the train seven miles west. Another was robbed, thrown off and badly hurt, and a third was shot.

The Fight in Logan County.

There is a big fight on among the Republicans of Logan county over the selection of a candidate for representative. J. F. Coulter, editor of the Logan County Republican, published at Russell Springs, who was a member of the last house is a candidate for re-election, but a fight is being made on him on account of his friendship to George W. Crane, one of the candidates for state printer. The fight is getting so bitter that a split in the party is feared.

Cleaning Paved Alleys.

A part of the street commissioner's force is now engaged in cleaning the paved alleys. The street commissioner says that they are in a very bad condition. People have thrown all sorts of refuse into the alleys, until in many places they present the appearance of a city dump. The men will be kept at this work until all the paved alleys are in a healthy condition.

Master of Queen's Household Dead.

COWES, Isle of Wight, Aug. 29.—Right Hon. Sir John Clayton Cowell, master of the queen's household, died suddenly here today.

\$23.00

Will get you a good business suit, made to fit, at Olof Ekberg's, merchant tailor, 716 Kansas avenue.

No Mistake!

You can cure that cold or cough by taking Snow's Pine Expectorant. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c bottle.

A Noddy Suit

Made to your order at Olof Ekberg's, 716 Kansas ave.

Topeka Drug Co. is ready for business. Shirts mended by the Peerless.

PUT LIGHT IN LIBERTY.

Electric Lights Placed in the Goddess on the Capitol Dome.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29.—The work of fitting the figure of the Goddess of Liberty on the summit of the capitol dome with electric lights which was pronounced impossible, has at last been accomplished. An effort to do it was made during the Knights Templar convocation and Grand Army encampment of 1892, but it was abandoned as being too hazardous.

Albert Potts an assistant to the chief electrician of the capitol, accomplished the feat today by means of a ladder held by four men on the top landing of the dome.

Tonight and Thursday and Friday nights the figure will be illuminated in honor of the visiting Pythians for whose benefit the lights were put in position.

Matrimonial Wedding At Hamilton hall Wednesday night. Don't forget. Tickets 25 and 10 cents.

Small in size, great in results. Do Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for Sick Headache, best for Sour Stomach. J. K. Jones.

The finest fruit Pies and puddings to be had in this city is at Whitneys only, 720 Kansas avenue.

Our line of \$16.50 suits made to your order is one way of saving money. Don't miss your chance at

Allyn & McManis, Tailors, 610 Kansas ave.

We put on new neckbands on shirts. Peerless Steam Laundry, 113 and 115 West Eighth street.

Matrimonial Wedding At Hamilton hall Wednesday night. Don't forget. Tickets 25 and 10 cents.

The Topeka Drug Co., in opera house.

Boston Shoe Co.

511 KANSAS AVE.

Will have for one week one of the greatest clearing shoe sales ever heard of. Our large Shoe Emporium, one of the largest shoe houses in the state, is full of the latest styles of fine Footwear, bought at hard time prices, which will be sold at the purchaser's price.

We quote you a few of the many bargains;

Ladies' \$3.00 Nullifiers and Juliettes, \$1.50.

Ladies' \$2.00 and \$4.00 Russett Oxfords, \$1.50.

Ladies' Best hand-sewed \$2.00 Slippers, 95c.

Ladies' fine Dung. Kid Op. Toe Slippers, 50c.

Ladies' fine hand-sewed Footform, hand-sewed Cloth Top, and all Kid Button and Lace \$5 and \$5.50 Shoes, \$2.75.

Ladies' hand-sewed and projecting welt \$4 Shoes, \$2.45.

Ladies' Dung. Kid. Pat. Tip \$2 Light Dress Shoes, 95c.

We have also just received from Bion Reynolds, Jay Reynolds and L. M. Reynolds a half car load of fine Dress Shoes, on which we save you from \$1 to \$1.50 on a pair, in any latest style and any kind of leather.

Men's Low Cut Shoes at your own price.

Children's Shoes from 25c to 50c.

Call early and see these immense bargains in honest good Footwear, as this immense stock must be sold.

Boston Shoe Co.

511 KANSAS AVE.